

October 2008

\$2 U.S.

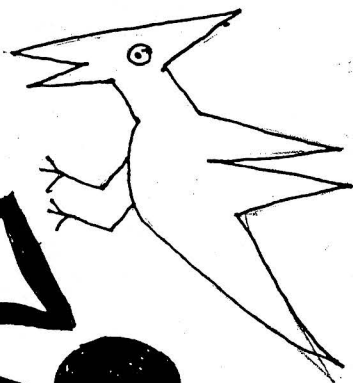
Volume 6

By Louise Brooks



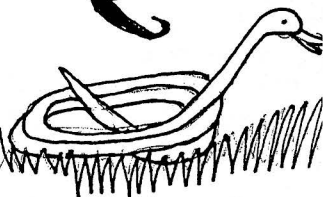
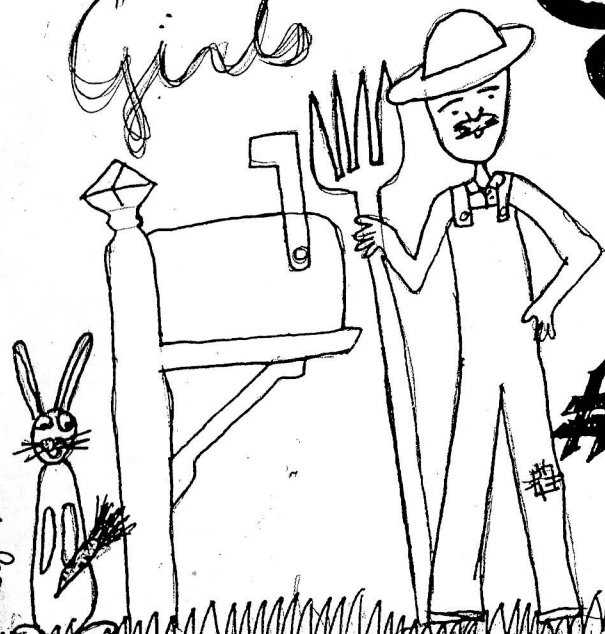
Hot
Lava

Vivian
Girls



\$3 work

#6



It kind of scares me when I see older people in indiepop, or in any genre, who seem burnt out. Some people continually release good music, art, writing until they die, but some make something so fantastic that one day, they just run out and it's gone. They make everyone watch them as they fly by, burning up in the process, and everyone wishes on them. Then they hit the ground and change the landscape, and then they're just gone. They're a shell of what everyone watched burn so beautifully. And everyone around them just has to cope with this sudden change and sudden loss of the thing they so steadily fixed their gaze on. Sometimes the people stick around and try to help the people manage, and the people finally get to see what they admired close, but it's not the same thing as what they had admired. They're not on fire anymore.

And sometimes, people only have the crater. The person is completely burned up, all that was they're was consumed, and they're just gone gone gone, and only what they affected remains.

I saw this lady on the bus the other day. She was writing in this notebook, but her hand was all over the page and she was definitely writing not drawing. People who draw sometimes sit back and admire what they've done, and people who are writing maybe hastily glance up the page because they forgot what they were trying to say, but they don't look at the whole thing and just take it in. All of a sudden, this lady looked real disoriented. She looked around and tried to make sure nobody saw that she was worried. She got out of her seat with a little maneuvering, because she was looking around to see if anyone she didn't know was sitting next to her, looked at the window and announced "Oh, this isn't my stop" after seeing a sign for Bel Pre Road and grabbing a pamphlet with the bus schedule from the clear holder attached to the window that's on either side of the middle exits of the bus, presumably to look at and figure out what bus she was on.

She didn't look poor. She looked like she was **SOMEONE**, or at least had been someone. Her clothes were out of date, but looked like she had purchased them new from a store that sold out of date clothing (but a classier store than American Apparel), like she had gone around shopping for new clothes that looked a certain way. She pulled out her phone and called someone, one of her old friends, who she yammered on with for the rest of the ride. I could hear her, rehashing old incidents, like they were still trying to figure out what really happened on the timeline of events that occurred years ago, that had been disputed in this very same way hundreds of time, that they would never find an answer for, but took comfort in discussing.

It reminded me of how I talk about stuff with my friends, but not events we were at even. Just trying to piece together stuff from old fanzines and liner notes and the stage banter on live recordings, trying to figure out what we missed. Is that who we're going to be? I wondered on the way home picking a flower from someone's garden and putting it in my hair to balance out my sulky face. Creases on the flower had turned brown by the time it fell out as I was running to cross the street a few blocks later, and I tried to think of happier things.

Waking up from a **nightmare** is lousy.

It's like your body's running a drill to make sure that when your

life


really is

in danger

you have the reflexes to **SAVE** yourself.

I always die before I wake.

VIVIAN GIRLS



I arrived at the University of Maryland campus and wasn't quite sure where to go, so I said 'Hi' to a group of kids who looked like they were probably going to the Vivian Girls radio thing, and sure enough they were. I offered them cookies, which were warm and falling apart because I had just baked them about a half hour earlier, and then we went to the cafeteria to get ice cream. I got rainbow sherbet and there was argument over whether sherbet was nonfat or not, and I said that it wasn't possible because if it was nonfat, it wouldn't taste good.

We got in the building and cookies all around and we dipped them in the ice cream we had bought.

At this time, the Vivian Girls were out of sight, presumably dreamily tuning their guitars and taping Ali's drum set together.

Someone heard the soundcheck and decided that it was time to go into the room, but it wasn't, but nobody wanted to go back to the main room, so we all stood like sardines in the hallway and made conversation. When we got into the radio room, we all crowded in the radio room behind the monitors, and it was quite a small and there were some people still in the hall.

"I want someone RIGHT HERE! Someone needs to be uncomfortably close to my drumset" Ali said, and pointed with her drumstick. I stepped closer and expected other people to follow behind me and stand close, but they all stood sheepishly by the monitors. I ended up hijacking the area in the triangle between Cassie and Ali and Kickball Katy, and kept trying to come get people to dance with me. Mostly they just stood and tapped their feet. The Vivian Girls sounded great, but took after Galaxie 500 in the way of performing.

After Vivian Girls, Fucked Up played on the radio, and gave me a ride to the Rock 'n' Roll Hotel, where the show that night was and where I conducted the interview. Ben (I think) added a few questions to the ones I had previously prepared. Also, I am totally going from memory on who said what and what was said 'cause the tape didn't record. It was a lot more long winded and ramby in real life. Fucked up sat in on the interview and commented.

Louise: What's up with having small runs? After the first one, didn't you realize you should print more?

Kickball Katy: All of our releases are actually in print.

Louise: Oh? They were out of print for a while and people were spending crazy amounts of money on them on eBay and stuff without even hearing it.

Cassie: I think they heard it if they spent that much money on it. I think it's pretty easy to find on soulseek.

Chairman Mao: Everyone gets the same chance to access it. It seems fair.

Ali: Crazy of them to spend that much money.

Louise: Cool, cool. I have a question from the Anorak forum for Katy Kickball—

Ben: It's Kickball Katy

Louise: For Kickball Katy. Are you dating the creepiest guy in indie right now?

[everyone bursts out laughing]
Kickball Katy blushes]

Kickball Katy: No comment.

Louise: Moving on then, who are you voting for?

Ali: Obama.

Louise: Why?

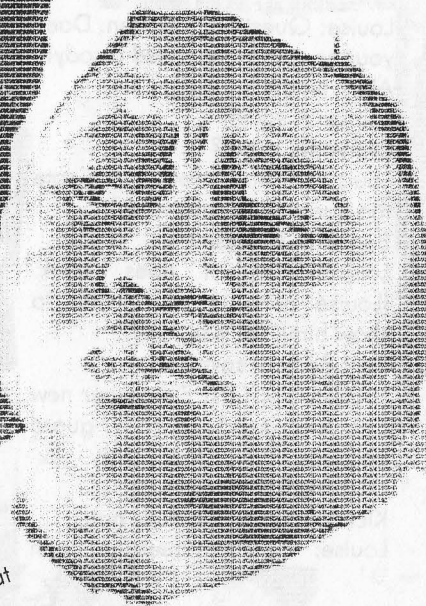
Ali: Because he's so handsome.

Cassie: And have you heard his voice? It's so reassuring.

Kickball Katy: He sounds like he knows what he's doing.

Chairman Mao: I support him fully.

The Vivian Girls are touring the West Coast in November and will be in the UK in December. You can get their album and the I Can't Stay 7" from In the Red, and you can get the Orphanage 7" from Woosist in the US and Rough Trade in the UK.



Louise: Question from Ben. Does your new drummer need a sody?

Ali: A what?

Louise: A sody?

Everyone: What?

Louise: I don't know. Ben wrote the question. It says 'sody'.

Ben: No, it doesn't.

Louise: Yes, it does. Look.

[Louise gets up and walks to show him] You see. Sody.

Ben: Body. It says body.

Louise: Oh. OH! Does your new drummer need a body guard because of your crazy ex-drummer?

Kickball Katy: Hopefully not.

Louise: Another question from

Does your new drummer
need a body

guard because of
your crazy

ex-drummer?



Ben. Who freaks your shit the most?

Cassie: Ben

Kickball Katy: Ben

Ali: Wait, wait! Jonah.

Kickball Katy: That's right. Jonah.

[there was an agreement before the interview that someone would be called by someone else's name, resulting in this mixup]

Louise: One more from Ben. Finish this line. "I need a little..."

Ali: Lovin'

Chairman Mao: Red book. .

Kickball Katy: Weed.

SAFARI 2000

I blame the parents.
-Raoul de la Cruz

**boys are stupid in reference to
girls because they think that
any girls that like them aren't
worth dating - can't remember**

**boys are stupid in reference to
girls because they think that
any girls that like them aren't
worth dating - can't remember**

Because we think with our penises. -Kevin Francisco

Because they scratch their testicles. -Charlie Taylor

Hmm...pants are too tight. -Kip Berman

**WE TEND TO WANT TO SOLVE
PROBLEMS WHEN WE SHOULD
PROBABLY JUST SHUT UP AND
LISTEN -STEVEN RAY MORRIS**

**This is hard. Male
stupidity is a vague and
wide ranging concept,
and being male, I'm too
stupid to figure it out. -
John McLoughlin**

Because they think boys will fix them
-Amy Richardson

garlicot ask's

why are
girls stupid?

Because they can't make up their minds.
-Katy Batsel

Girls are stupid, because we expect boys to think the same way we do. We'd be a lot happier (and a lot less stupid) if we understood, accepted, and appreciated how different boys are from us, instead of trying to make them like us. Gender equality doesn't mean gender similarity. -Teresa Jusino

Because
they
can't
reboot.
-Louise Brooks

Girls aren't stupid.

-Jessie Fredlund

1991
you can buy the album from the records store
Leah says

Allison: It's more a people-who-play-in-band scene. I don't wanna knock it. There's a lotta different music going on in Richmond.

I think we're one of the few bands—I mean, pop bands, aren't as prevalent. We're kinda the pop band.

Matt: It's more noise bands and punk bands.

Allison: Yeah, like, noise bands and the harder music.

Louise: Noise like shoegaze like My Bloody Valentine, or noise like I'm gonna fart into the tape recorder.

Allison: Fart. Definitely fart music. Fart music is very popular in Richmond.

Louise: I don't even know how you could have a heavy metal fart. Like if you swallowed...what's a heavy metal instrument?

Allison: It'd be like pffft poob pffft poob. It's gotta have a good beat.

Louise: If you farted out a windmill.

Jared: I think a heavy metal fart is just pooping and then saying you just farted and not caring that you pooped in your pants.

Allison: Nah, everything's cool. It's not bad. Things have warmed up!

Louise: So do you guys go places often or do you just hang out?

Allison: Like as a band or as people?

Louise: As a band.

Allison: We go places too much. Like, we went to New York to Philly this weekend. This week we're doing way too much stuff in Richmond. We're playing a show every day.

Unidentified boy:
Fredricksburg

Allison: Yeah, we're going to Fredricksburg. So.

Louise: So you're on "tour"

Allison: Yeah, cause we work nine to five.

Matt: Matt, cunt trumpet.

Jared: Jared, cunt trumpet

Allison: Allison, cunt trumpet.

Andrew: Andrew, cunt trumpet

Louise: So, first, ya'll started out as a joke band, right?

Andrew: That was just

Allison

Allison: Yeah, it was me and my friend Bill, who's good friends with Becca, also.

And we, well, I, started using garage band and making some songs in it and I would drink a whole lot, and I would rap freestyle over them. A little later, I bought a guitar and decided that was better. It took a long time.

Louise: And how long did it take you to put together a real people band?

Allison: About a year and a half.

Louise: And how long did it take you guys to record your album?

Allison: About a year.

Louise: A year?

Allison: Yeah. It didn't, like, happen all at once.

The last five songs did. But the first songs were really slow moving.

Allison: CUNT TRUMPET. CUNT TRUMPET SLOW MOVING.

Jared: Cunt trumpet! Jared!

Louise: What else was I gonna ask you?

Allison: Whatever you want.

Louise: What about the scene wherever you live? How is that going? Is it an indiepop scene or just a people-who-play-in-bands scene?

sounds like? I don't know what comprised of a lot of people from in that scene. We wind up listening to a lot of that. Louise: What is that? What kind of music is Sad Cobras?

Jared: Kinda shoegazey. Allison: They kinda sound like us, but they're more thoughtful.

Jared: And they have a lot of bands in Roanoke that are kinda a throwback to 60s music.

Louise: Like...the Ronettes? Jared: Like the Byrds. Or...you know. Louise: Normally when people say either the Ronettes type or Jefferson Airplane.

Jared: Yeah, that was kinda a broad statement. What do you listen to when you deliver food, Andrew? Andrew: Mostly the radio.

Louise: Do we want to discuss cunt trumpet again? Jared: Where was that from? Andrew: This is a literal uh... Jared: Uh oh

Louise: So how do you feel about indiepop morals and um...DIY ethics? Talk about Well, Allison: I didn't know that's difficult, cause I don't know a lot about them. Jared: Well, of- does a lot of- Louise: Yeah you know about DIY ethics; you've got a band. I mean, Allison: I mean, yeah, we do everything ourselves. Louise: Do you think bands should always do things themselves? Allison: I guess it depends where you are, you know, at

Dressy Bessy: *tis SUPER LOUD!* [tape clicks off] [tape clicks on]

Allison: Out of the trumpet. Louise: That's from my cunt. Jared: That was probably- Allison: That was talent. Jared: Like, the hippos helped us get a lot of shows. Louise: Oh, they opened for Love Is All.

Allison: Oh, you saw Videohippos? Louise: I didn't like them. Jared: You didn't like them? Louise: They sounded like they were like "We're gonna be experimentin', you can just stand there and not care. We're gonna ignore you"

Allison: I think they're right on the edge of experimenting and not experimenting. They've got a method for their experimenting. Jared: Sometimes Kevin just points his drums the other way.

Louise: So how do you feel about indiepop morals and um...DIY ethics? Talk about Well, Allison: I didn't know that's difficult, cause I don't know a lot about them. Jared: Well, of- does a lot of- Louise: Yeah you know about DIY ethics; you've got a band. I mean, Allison: I mean, yeah, we do everything ourselves. Louise: Do you think bands should always do things themselves? Allison: I guess it depends where you are, you know, at

Louise: So how do you feel about indiepop morals and um...DIY ethics? Talk about Well, Allison: I didn't know that's difficult, cause I don't know a lot about them. Jared: Well, of- does a lot of- Louise: Yeah you know about DIY ethics; you've got a band. I mean, Allison: I mean, yeah, we do everything ourselves. Louise: Do you think bands should always do things themselves? Allison: I guess it depends where you are, you know, at

Louise: So how do you feel about indiepop morals and um...DIY ethics? Talk about Well, Allison: I didn't know that's difficult, cause I don't know a lot about them. Jared: Well, of- does a lot of- Louise: Yeah you know about DIY ethics; you've got a band. I mean, Allison: I mean, yeah, we do everything ourselves. Louise: Do you think bands should always do things themselves? Allison: I guess it depends where you are, you know, at

Andrew: Most of the times I've seen him he has.

Jared: Sometimes he's just so close you can smell him, which I think is a good part of the show. When you can smell the band.

Louise: Does he shower? Cause if he doesn't that would not be pleasant.

Allison: He plays the drums really hard. And the smell can prove it. He works so hard that I feel like I'm working just as hard watching him. So, I kinda like that.

[At this point, I barge into Tammy Ealom's dressing room]

Louise: Heeeeeeeey, I have a zine and I was wondering what you think about cunt trumpet.

Tammy: Cunt trumpet?

Louise: Yes, it's a trumpet you play with your cunt. How do you feel about this? My name's Louise, by the way.

Tammy: My name's Tammy. I love your glasses.

Louise: Thanks, yeah, I know who you are. Do you feel famous?

Tammy: No.

Louise: Do you have anything you want to say to the zine reading public?

Tammy: I want to hear more about cunt trumpet.

Louise: Well, it's a trumpet you play with your cunt.

It's just like a normal trumpet, except-

Tammy: How do you get the air? I mean-

Louise: You queef. You have to do lots of Kegels.

Tammy: I don't think I'd be very good at it.

Louise: You don't?

Tammy: How much practice does it take?

Louise: I dunno, I've never tried it.

Tammy: Are you endorsing it, though?

Louise: I'm just wondering your opinion on it.

Tammy: I like the idea.

Louise: Me and my friend Becca decided to start a cunt band. Play all the instruments with our cunts.

Tammy: Is that legal?

Louise: We'll find out. The thing is, you need a crescent tambourine instead of a round one.

Tammy: They make those. They make 'em with sticks, too.

Louise: That would be helpful!

Tammy: Maracas, too.

Louise: Oh, yeah!!

Tammy: You'd have to be a good dancer.

Louise: So do you have anything you want to say to people who read Sapricot Zine?

Tammy: Keep on readin' Sapricot Zine. And give me a copy.

Louise: I will.

Tammy: I love that [she points at my Pastels badge]

Louise: Thank you! Do you listen to the Pastels?

Tammy: Yeah, totally. Did you make that?

Louise: Yeah, I needed a way to make it easy for other popkids to identify me, and I didn't have any buttons for the Pastels, and obviously that was how Talulah Gosh started.

Tammy: Talulah Gosh! I played with them once.

Louise: Talulah Gosh or Heavenly?

Tammy: It was Heavenly. I love Talulah Gosh, too.

Louise: Yeah, my friend Katy who also has a zine interview Amelia.

Tammy: She's hot.

Louise: She's
dreaaaaaaaaaaaaaaamy.

Tammy: She is.

Louise: So what have you
been listening to lately?

Tammy: Um, lately, let's
see? It's the fall. I
listened to Lynryd Skynyr
aaaaaaaaaaaaall summer.

AC/DC, too. I've been
listening to boy rock.

Checkin' out-

Louise: What they've got.

The Ramones and Sex Pistols.
I like them.

Louise: So, on the poplist,
they were sayin' that the
Boston show was kinda
sparsely populated.

Tammy: Yeah.

Louise: And they had emailed
you about if you wanted them
to do promotion, and you
hadn't answered, I'm not
getting on you or anything
for that. 'cause you're on
tour

Tammy: Yeah, I don't really
check my email on tour.

Louise: But is it cool if
people do promotion for
shows with you? I guess they
didn't wanna steal your
thunder or anything.

Tammy: I think that is
great. I think Dressy Bessy
deserves love. We have given
love the pop scene for
years.

Louise: Everyone, you should
love Dressy Bessy.

Tammy: Loveitloveitloveit we
love yooooooooooou.

Louise: I love them. She's
wearing a polka dot shirt.
And she's doing it better
than the Pipettes. Who are
cunt trumpets.

Tammy: Excuse me, spotted.
Louise: Spotted, then.

Tammy: Can I have a kiss?
Louise: What?

Tammy: Can I have a kiss?
Louise: Sure!

[KESS]

Louise: I'll see you out
there!

Tammy: I'll look for you.
I'll be watchin' your moves.

Louise: I'll be in the
front.

Tammy: [something something
harmonical]

Louise: Cunt harmonica!
Cool! Thanks!

Tammy: Yeah, have fun!

Tammy: Oh, yum. That, too
you can always go back.

Louise: Yep, they're not
going anywhere.

Tammy: You're so cute. Who
cuts your hair?

Louise: I cut my hair.

Tammy: You do a great job.
It's really cute.

Louise: Thanks. So, I heard

Tammy: [whispers to tape
recorder] Hi.

Louise: [to tape recorder]
Hello.

Choose Your Own Adventure

START 1A HERE

You are a very sad girl living in the south of England who enjoys indiepop and pie. You're sad because you live in England, and have come to learn that hard work won't result in a better life, and waiting in lines isn't much help either. Do you:

- Kill yourself (turn to page 1B)
- Immigration marry an American (turn to page 1C)
- Backpack through Latin America (turn to page 1D)

1D

You arrive in Patagonia with only the anorak on your back. You are approached by a boy with a striped shirt and corduroys. He asks if you want to go to a show. Would you like to go?

- Yes, you hold his hand and follow him to the show. (turn to page 2A)
- No, he might be a rapist (turn to page 2B)

1F

You invite people you met at the casino, and do the Time Warp down the aisle. After the "I do"s, one of the women approaches you and your husband and asks if you'd like to spice up your wedding night. What is your response?

- Your fiancé looks at you hopefully and waits for your response. You say yes because you want him to be happy. (turn to page 2E)
- Yes! Of course you would! (turn to page 2F)
- Heavens, no! (turn to page 3A)

1B
Cry, cut yourself, and listen to the Smiths.

1C
You find an American man looking for love on TweeHarmony. You agree to meet in Las Vegas to get married. What is your wedding's theme?

- Elvis (turn to page 1E)
- Rocky Horror (turn to page 1F)
- Sigmund and Freud (turn to page 1G)

1E

You meet the Elvis impersonator and he keeps smacking your bum and winking at your fiancé. He is creeping you out and you're having second thoughts about your wedding. Do you go through with it?

- Yes, but you don't leave a tip (turn to page 2C)
- No (turn to page 2D)

1G

You and your husband are mauled by a white tiger during your reception. You are both killed in the accident, and the tiger gets a good meal before the authorities arrive. The wedding chapel charges your next of kin for the price of the costumes that have been ruined.

1H

You live in smug poverty for the rest of your life and are extremely self-satisfied.

2A

He leads you to his apartment and a great pop band is playing. You dance and drink two cans of ginger ale, and dance with a boy who has Johnny Marr bangs, but keep your eye on a moody and mysterious boy who is leaning against the wall. Do you say hi to him?

-No, the boy with Marr bangs is really cute and you continue dancing with him. (turn to page 3B)

-Yes, you walk up and snog attack. (turn to page 3C)

2B

You wander don't have money for a taxi or the metro, and you end up wandering around in a jungle. A snake hypnotizes you and invites you to his lair. He has a number of compilation cassettes that he has mail ordered from various sources. He tells you that it is difficult for him to fill out order forms and lick stamps, and you can have access to his tapes for life if you agree to do this for him and keep him company in his lair.

-You'd love to!!!! (turn to page 3D)

-No, snakes can't talk. (turn to page 3E)

2C

You get married to your American husband and he thinks it would be a great idea to move to the Pacific Northwest and become a lumberjack. Do you think this is a good idea?

-No. Fey indiepop boys don't make good lumberjacks (turn to page 3F)

-Yes, you love the Pacific Northwest! (turn to page 3G)

2D

You run away at the last moment. You sit on a bench on the fringe of town. A sickly hipster approaches you and asks what's wrong. Do you tell her?

-Yes, you spill your heart out and tell her the whole story through your tears. (turn to page 3H)

-No, you could never bring yourself to talk to a hipster. (turn to page 4A)

2E

You have a great night, but Jesus descends on your hotel room the next morning to tell you that you're a sinner. He tells you that as your punishment, you can either listen to the Smiths and only the Smiths for the rest of your life, or move to the Pacific Northwest. Which do you choose?

-the Smiths (turn to page 1B)

-the Pacific Northwest (turn to page 3G)

2F

You have a really wild night, but when you wake up in the morning, all your money and credit cards are gone. Do you:

-Become a topless dancer to provide for your family (turn to page 4B)

-Hitchhike back to your husband's home, where he works as a lumberjack. You might want to ask about these things next time you get married to someone (turn to page 3G)

-Start a band (turn to page 4C)

3A

You move to Nebraska, where you live in a farm house and birth two kids. After fifteen years of being happily married, you find out that your husband is having an affair with Conor Oberst. What do you do?

-Leave your husband and abandon your kids at a hospital under Nebraska's Safe Haven laws. You decide to backpack through Latin America like you wanted to as a young girl. (turn to page 1D)

-Pretend not to know, but are secretly sad about it (turn to page 1B)

3B

You go to grab another ginger ale, and when you return, he's making out with a boy who resembles Kevin Barnes (in full regalia). You are quite upset but not surprised. Turn to page 1B

3C

You snog attack him, and he runs away to Peru. Do you:

-Follow him to Peru (turn to page 4D)

-Go back to dancing with the boy with Marr bangs (turn to page 3B)

3D

You spend the rest of your days in a hollow tree. The snake protects you from jungle beasts, and you fill out order forms for him and get money orders from the local Western Union. You read liner notes to each other and live happily ever after.

3E

Yes, they can. He tells you that you leave him no other choice but to imprison you. He tries to be polite by letting you choose the tapes you'd like to listen to. Turn to page 1B

3F

You don't have much of a choice, if you want to stay in America. You can:

-Go with him anyway. (turn to page 3G)

-Stow away on a plane with an unknown destination. (turn to page 1D)

3G

You arrive in the Pacific Northwest, and aren't so sure about the lumberjack thing at first, but find out in time that they're okay. You have lots of sex and babies. Sometimes, your underwear gets stretched out after you get back from visiting your family in England. You live a happy and fulfilling life, and don't think about it often, except late at night when you can't fall asleep and on long car rides.

3H

She takes pity on you, and offers you a job at the American Apparel store that she works at, on the condition that you catch a perpetual cold, and asks if you want to be her roommate. Do accept her offer?

-Yes, you don't have much of a choice. (turn to page 4E)

-No, you get a job at a strip joint. (turn to page 4B)

4A

Why, ain't you pretentious. You have nowhere to go, and no one to call. Do you:

- Look for refuge in a record store (turn to page 1B)
- Become an exotic dancer (turn to page 4B)

4B

You are a very talented dancer, and you land a job at one of the bigger clubs. Some of the girls backstage are doing cocaine and offers you a line. Do you do it?

- No. (turn to page 4G)
- Hells yes! (turn to page 4F)

You start a one-woman band and get your first show. You see a boy moodily doing the indie head bob in the back of the room. What do you do?

- Kiss him (turn to page 3C)
- You shyly make eye contact and hope he notices, but he's too busy shoegazing. You continue your show (turn to page 5A)

4D

You find him in Peru, and ask him why he ran away and you worry that he doesn't love you. He immediately says "ACTUALLY I LOVE YOU, I JUST GOT NERVOUS. SORRY." What do you do?

- Snog him some more (turn to page 5B)
- Discuss pop bands (turn to page 5C)

4E

You swallow your pride and get a job at American Apparel. Your prowess at restocking shelves and selling \$8 bands of braided jersey fabric to hipsters, coupled with the dark circles under your eyes from the sleep you haven't been getting from crying gets you promoted quickly. You become good friends with the girl who offered you a job and a place to live, and begin to take pride in your disheveled appearance. You decide being a hipster ain't so bad. Do you:

- Get a skeezy hipster boyfriend with a handlebar moustache (turn to page 5E)
- Realize that you're a lesbian and that's why you didn't want to marry the dude from TweeHarmony, and date your roommate. (turn to page 5F)

4F

You take the drugs and the production manager compliments you on your talent and vivacity. You get a lead part in the next show. You begin taking various other drugs and continue getting praise and good reviews. Other girls are jealous and begin talking about your drug use loudly. The director approaches you to ask about the rumors he's been hearing. What do you tell him?

- Admit your problem and check into rehab (turn to page 5G)
- Throw a fit like a prima donna. (turn to page 6B)

4G

You continue to get line dancing parts in large shows, and it pays well enough for you to live comfortably within your means.

5A

You put on a really good show and Pitchfork gives your album great reviews (they say your album is like Long Island Iced Tea if it were served hot and with honey. 8.7) The money from the hipsters would be nice, but you feel that it's tainted. What do you do?

-Give refunds to anyone who heard about you from Pitchfork and tell them their money's no good here. (turn to page 1H)

-Tour with another Pitchfork endorsed band, make tons of money, and secretly hate your fans. (turn to page 6C)

5B

He had been making out with Stephen Pastel, as he had been in Glasgow the week before and had decided to visit Stephen's brothel. He consequently contracted mono, and gave it to you. Because of the poor health care in Peru, he dies. Turn to page 1B.

5C

You like all the same bands! You decide to form a record label/indie-pop commune in Peru. You let in all the people you like and none of the people you don't. Uh-oh! Chris B. shows up! What do you do?

-Turn him away. (turn to page 6F)

-Let him in (turn to page 6D)

-Nuke him from orbit. It's the only way to be sure. (turn to page 6A)

5D

You live an awesome life and you never get your heart broken or get hit by a car and nothing bad happens to you ever.

5E

You get in a fight after he kesses another girl. This causes a schism in your insular group of friends. What do you do?

-Don't make a big deal of it, continue to live life as usual, but hold a grudge (turn to page 1B)

-You didn't like him all that much anyway, so you don't mind. (turn to page 6E)

5F

The two of you make a great team and run the most successful American Apparel in the world. You get lots of promotions and buy more and more expensive things that look used and dirty to fill your house that's in a bad neighborhood in the process of being gentrified. You mature as the neighborhood improves, and turn into upper-middle class yuppies and live a happy, consumerist, all American life.

5G

The tabloids pick up your story, and you become wildly famous. You spend the rest of your life in and out of rehab, and claim to hate that you don't have a private life and how you can't escape the public eye, but secretly enjoy the attention. You die of an overdose at 27, and are immortalized in American folklore.

6A

He's gone forever, and you say a prayer for him (God love him, someone has to), and you live in your indiepop utopia for the rest of your days. Everyone is in each other's bands, and sometimes it gets kinda catty, but for the most part, everyone gets along and lives in bungalows and has and endless dance party.

6B

You continue to abuse drugs and you end up alienating everyone who ever loved you. Your work is your only solace, and you are doing it increasingly badly, and arriving late for practices and shows. You end up old and washed out, and the only place you can get work is VH1 specials. Turn to page 1B.

6C

You became indie famous so fast, nobody can claim to have known you before you were cool. They say you haven't paid your dues and aren't that good, and it's just hype. You end up getting quite famous and playing large venues for high schoolers who fancy themselves cool. You try to rationalize the exposure by telling people "All I want is for people to listen to my music, so if this helps get the word out, I'm all for it" You become uncool and forgotten after a few years, and fade from everyone's memory. You retire young and begin using recreational drugs. Turn to page 6B.

6D

He tries to run an indiepop label, but makes a piss poor attempt at cover art and uses bad materials, but not in a charming lo-fi way, in a stumbling around in the dark way, charges bands \$4 to be on compilations, doesn't come through with promises he makes, plasters his name over everything he touches and doesn't understand the point of indiepop AT ALL. Your Shagnri-La is ruined within a month of his arrival. Turn to page 1B.

6E

You date other people in your circle of friends, and they always keep kissing other people! And so do you!! This causes a lot of grief until you all realize that you should give up this monogamy thing and become swingers.

6F

He stands outside your gates and bitches and moans all day and all night, to anyone who will listen and many who'd rather not. Nobody can get any sleep and everyone is very grumpy. What do you do?

- Try to ignore him (turn to page 1B)
- Release the dogs. (turn to page 6A)

Every generation is always whining about how there are no new ideas

everything's been DONE.

every generation comes up with something new

I'm kinda

I've been thinking a lot about the **band** that I'm going to start

and

feeling that way.

I can sit around

all day

and say what I don't want it to sound like, but if you were to ask me

how it

should

sound

You can wait until the cows come home and I still won't have an answer.

I know there's something **new**

There

always is.

I just can't think of it.

And that bothers me.

What if we gave a revolution

and

everybody came

?